

A
Funeral TEAR,
TO THE
MEMORY
OF THE
HONOURABLE
Capt. James Killigrew :

W H O

Unfortunately lost His Life in His *MAJESTY'S*
Service, in an Engagement with Two *French* Men
of War, in the *Mediterranean Sea* ; on the 27th.
of *January* last, 1694.

Immodicis Brevis est Ætas, & rara Senectus.

By E. SETTLE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. Hayburst, in Little-Britain, 1695.

296

*
FPR3671
S6F9

General J. B. ...
...
...

HONORABLE
Capt. James ...

...
...
...

...
...
...

...

A

Funeral Tear, &c.

HOW strangely Nature does Her *Treasures* heap;
 Her *Richest Gems*, in Cabinets so *Cheap*!
 Her Sparks of *Heav'n* to Walls of *Earth* dispos'd,
 And the Great *Souls* in Brittle *Clay* enclos'd:
 All *Riches* have their *Wings*; ev'n *Courage* dies;
 The *Casket* breaks, and vanishing *Jewel* flies:

Weak-Armour'd *Life*! In *Wars* destroying Field,
 Neither the *Champion*, nor the *Cause*, can shield!

In Her whole List, *Britannia* ne'er cou'd boast
 More Hopeful *WORTH*, nor more *Untimely* lost;
 Not wak'd, like *Sluggards*, at their Noon-day Sun;
HONOUR His Active Morning Race begun:
 Such *YOUTH* did never *Manlier Virtue* grace,
 The *Soul* of *Mars*, in an *Endimion's* Face!

YOUTH, where those equal *Charms* all smiling grew,
 For *Cynthia's* Darling, and *Bellona's* too!

Nor in His single Veins such *COURAGE* runs;
 Sprung from a Race, adopted *Neptune's* Sons;
 Cheer as Their *Quarrel*, when bold *Danger* calls,
 And Stout, as Their own *Floating Castle* Walls:
 His *Brother's* *FLAG*, with His own *Streamers*, joyn'd;
Hereditary Brav'ry! Comes of Kind!

Methinks, I see His Single dauntless *Hulk*,
 Against His Two tall *Foe's* o'er-topping *Bulk*,
 Deal round Her *Roaring Deaths*, in Iron Ball;
 Unequal Combat, English *VALOUR* All:
 There wanted so much Odds His *Fate* to push,
 Whom less than *Weight*, and *Numbers*, ne'er cou'd crush.

But let not His *Insulting Gallic* Foes
 Too proudly boast this Young cropt English *ROSE*;
 That *Vanity* Their *Sanguine Blushes* tell:
 He dy'd Their *Lillies* *Crimson*, e're He fell.
 Nay, such true *COURAGE* fought, ev'n beyond *Death*;
 His *Thunder* still surviv'd, whilst His *Last Breath*
 Does to His *Neptune-Successors* inspire
 His own Great *SOUL*, that *Transmigrating* Fire,

That

A Funeral Tear, &c.

That to Their Arms *Life*, *Spir'it*, and *Vengeance* lends,
The hovering *Genius* His *Own* Conquest ends.

Nor was this *Scene* of *Albion* Glory pent
In Her own *Wat'ry Walls*, (Her *Vassal* Element;)
The *Tyrrhene* Strand did at those *Bolts* rebound;
Not *Thames*, but listning *Tyber*, heard the Sound:
Nor *Rome's* alone, but *Rome's* old *Rival* Shoar;
Her *Carthage* *Africk-Coast*, the *Echo* bore:
Nay, ev'n the Neighb'ring *Crescent* must Proclaim
The *British* *CROSS's* envy'd *Race* of *FAME*:
Such *Distant HONOUR*, her *far* *Thunder* hurld,
To drive her *Hunted* Foes around the *World*.

Thus his proud *Fame*, on Her most tow'ring *Wings*,
At once His *Dirge*, and *Io Paean*, sings;
A *Fate*, that ev'n in *Death* the *Triumph* bore:
The great *Gustavus's* Fall cou'd do no more.

But, oh! hard Fated *Lawrels!* This *Young Head*
So early lodg'd in *Honour's Fatal Bed!*
But when in that sweet *Bloom*, such *COURAGE* dies,
His *Mourners* are not only *Martial* Eyes;
The *God*, and His own *Anvil Cyclop-Crew*,
Their *Tears* to that *Young Hand*, so justly due:
A *Hand*, that from Their own *Great Forge* cou'd wield
Their *Massiest Bolts*; their keenest *Lightning* held:
But the whole *Nine*, each *Muse*, and ev'ry *Grace*,
Must, at this *Loss*, bedew her *Virgin Face*.

Yes, If the *Humbler Muses* feebl' Sound,
Is not in all Thy louder *Tritons* drown'd;
Their softest *Harmony* shall tune Thy *Praise*,
And chant Thy *Name* in Her *Immortal Lays*.
What tho' in *Foreign Tombs* Thy *Ashes* sleep,
And distant *Urns* those *Envy'd Reliques* keep;
Yet still Thy *Native Albion* Soyl alone,
Shall claim thy *Birth*, a *Glory* all her *Own*.
What more Thou leav'st behind, that larger *Claim*,
Thy fair *Example*, and thy fragrant *FAME*,
More than One single *Nation* shall supply;
Let the whole *World* Divide Thy *MEMORY*.

F I N I S.